

DEDICATED TO PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

# ROW ON, WOODROW, ROW ON.



LYRIC BY

**COL. M.V.B. BLOOD**

MUSIC BY

**EUGENE PLATZMANN**

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## Row On Woodrow, Row On

Words by  
Col. M. V. B. BLOOD

Music by  
EUGENE PLATZMANN

Tempo di Marcia

Piano

Voice

Cease rock-ing your lul-la - by will get you soon Wood-row rows the boat  
In vi-sion I see out stretched arms a - cross the sea Pray-ing you hold fast—

Strokes are deep— Un-der and up-per-cuts they land at will And the rock-ers may  
Pull-ing oars— for A - mer-i - ca which will them free And un - til all are

rock and the knock-ers may knock sure they'll take the count— and be still And al - though the tide is  
free a - cross the sea will Wood - row stop row - ing the boat The un - der-tak-ing is

high well split the whitecaps oh so high He'll seal our fame on the a - pex of the sky—  
great but not too great— for him He'll show the cab - - bage heads their chance is slim—

## Chorus

So row on Wood-row row on \_\_\_\_\_ Your strokes are might-y fine \_\_\_\_\_

*p-f*

\_\_\_\_\_ The rock-ers may rock and knock-ers may knock so row on Wood - - row row

on \_\_\_\_\_ The course is straight but not too straight for you. You hew to the line and

in the nick of time \_\_\_\_\_ You'll make this Wien-er-wurst bunch \_\_\_\_\_ feel the good old Yan-kee

Punch So row on Wood - - row row on. \_\_\_\_\_ So on. \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

1 2

*ff*

*B.C.*



